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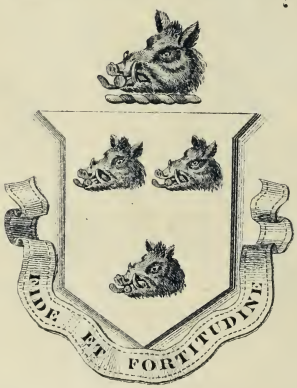

Thomas Pennant Barton.

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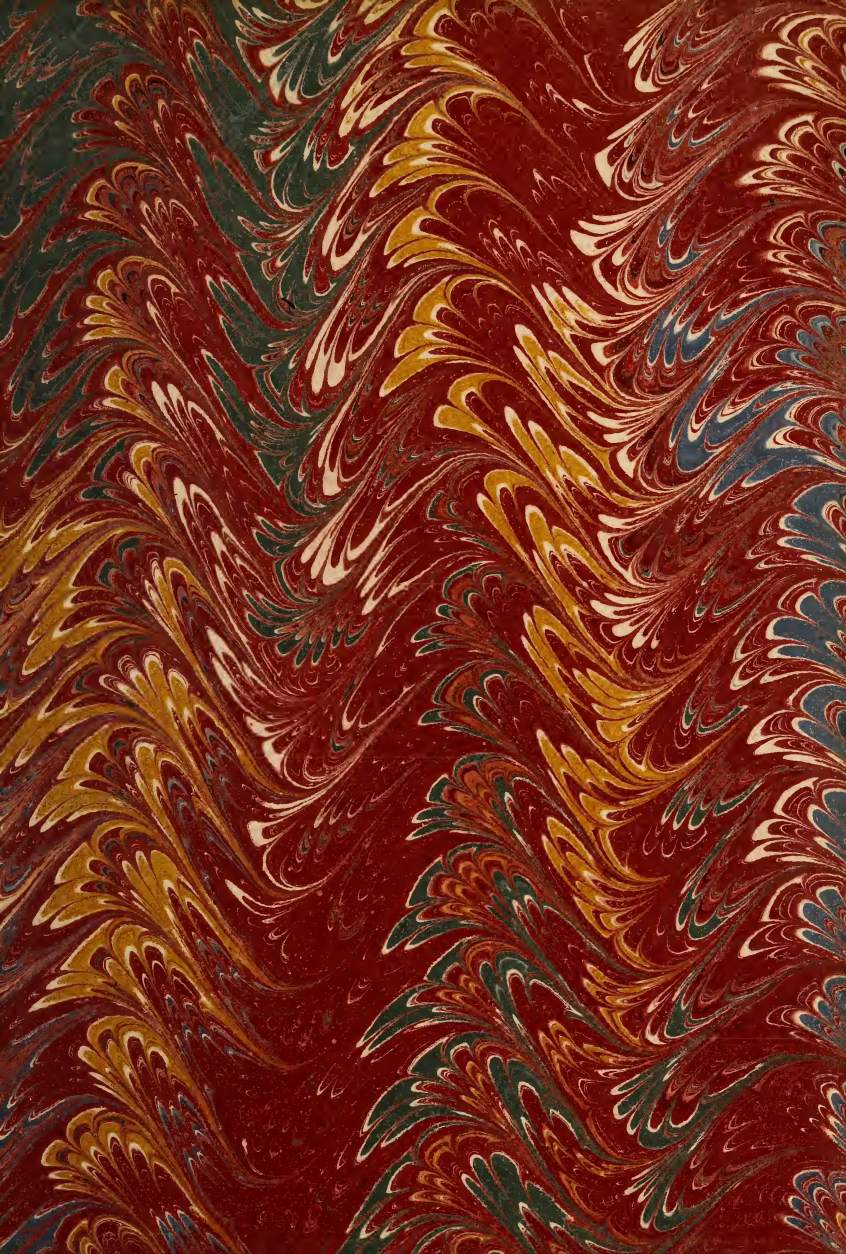

I. P. O. Sotheby, June 13, 1859.

301 Mucedorus. A Most Pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus, King's Sonne of Valencia, and Amadine, the Ki Daughter of Aragon, with the Merry Conceits of Mo 2
very delectable and full of conceited Mirth, *attributed some to Shakespeare* 2

4*to*. *Imprinted at London for William Jones*, 1

Octavius A Richard.

Most pleasant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valencia*, and *Amadine* the Kings daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouse*.

Amplified with new additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maiestie at White-hall on Shroue-*sunday night*.

By his Highnesse Seruants, vsually playing at the Globe.

Very delectable, and full of con-*ceited mirth*.

Imprinted at London for *William Iones*, dwelling neere Holborne Conduit *at the signe of the Gunne*. 1613.

151,441
May 1873

The Prologue.

MOst ſacred Maieſtie, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy Subiect *England*; nay, the World admires:
Which, heauen grant ſtill increaſe; O may your Praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your Fame will raiſe:
Embrace your Counſel: Loue, with Faith, them guide,
That both as one bench, by each others ſide,
So may your life paſſe on, and run ſo euen;
That your firme zeale, plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtain'd with Periurie:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions, to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your boſome, faire Delight your mind,
And may our Paſtime, your Contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eaſily play it.

The King, and Rombelo,	*for one.*
King Valencia,	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valencia,	*for one.*
Ancelmo,	*for one.*
Amadine the Kings daughter of Aragon,	*for one.*
Segaſto a Noble-man,	*for one.*
Enuie, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man,	*for one.*
Comedie, a boy; an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines maide,	*for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Meſſenger,	*for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	*for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valencia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

Ho ſo; thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedie play thy part and pleaſe;
Make merry them that comes to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound foorth *Bellonas* ſiluer tuned ſtrings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuie, his armes naked beſmeared with blood.

Enu. Nay ſtay Minion, there lies a Blocke:
VVhat, all on Mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Com. What monſtrous vgly Hagge is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Curre, beſmeard with gorie blood,
That ſeemſt to checke the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweet *Bellonas* breath:
Bluſh Monſter, bluſh, and poſte away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe deeds.

Enu. Poſte hence thy ſelfe, thou counterchecking trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glorie of thy wiſhed port:
Ile thunder Muſicke ſhall apale the Nymphes,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh caues.

Sound Drums within, and cry ſtab, ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt heare a noyſe,
Shall fill the ayre with a ſhrilling ſound,
And thunder Muſicke to Gods aboue:

Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Enuies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke, *Enuie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their blood,
To ſpurne at Armes and Legges quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſand ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my trull? thi's ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a Womans minde;
Comedie is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloody, enuious; diſdainer of mens ioyes:
Whoſe name is fraught with bloody ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing, but in ſpoile and death,
VVhere thou maiſt trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A ſilly Woman begs it at thy hands:
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not Death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treates nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humaine reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone; tender the ſuite of mee.

Enu. VVhy ſo I will; forbeare ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
VVhirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of blood:
This will I doe: thus ſhall I beare with thee.
And more, to vexe thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuie and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly Monſter, doe thy worſt,

I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou think'st with tragicke fumes
To praue my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe:
Ile grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragicke stuffe, to be a pleasant Comedie.

Enu. Why then *Comedie*, send thy Actors foorth,
And I will crosse the first steps of their trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And Ile defend them mauger all thy spight:
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time shall serue,
That we may meete to parle for the best.

Enu. Content *Comedie*, Ile go spread my Branch,
And scattered Blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall prooue two Monsters, spoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo? *Ansel.* My Lord and Friend.
Whose deare affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe.

Ans. Whence nere disloyaltie shall roote it foorth,
But Faith plant firmer in your choyse respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrarie allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must estrange that friend-
Misconsture not, tis from the Realme, not thee: (ship,
Though Lands part bodies, Hearts keepe company;
Thou know'st that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beautious *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewel; whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay;
Excelling, not exceld: yet least Report
Does mangle Veritie, boasting of what is not,
VVing'd with Desire; thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my Fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ans. VVill you forsake *Valencia*? leaue the Court?

Absent

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraigntie,
Doe not ſweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where; be woon from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brookes no batterie,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſsiſt what I intend.
Anſ. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſtie deaw vpon that Beard,
VVhoſe front *Valentia* ſtoopes to
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magicke, charme thy triuiall phraſe,
VVaſted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſweres; locke thy lips,
Vnleſſe thy VViſedome ſuite me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſ. That action craues no counſell,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then beſt vſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition,
A more obſcure ſeruile habilament
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſ. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebancke*.
Muc. Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgement.
My minde is graſted on an humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. VVithin my Cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though baſe the weeds is, 'twas a Shepheards,
VVhich I preſented in Lord *Iulios* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;
That habite ſuites my minde, fetch we that weed:
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kings, haue not diſdaind that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepheards Coate.
So, let our reſpect command thy ſecrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to louers, is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Anſelmo

Anſ. Proſperitie forerunne thee; Auckward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture:
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thriue,
And Glory thy mortalitie ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouſe with a Bottle of Hay.

Mou. O horrible terrible! VVas euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcard out of his ſeuen Senſes? A Beare? nay ſure it can not be a Beare, but ſome Diuell in a Beares Doublet: for a Beare could neuer haue had that agillitie, to haue frighted mee. Well, Ile ſee my Father hang'd, before Ile ſerue his Horſe any more: VVell, Ile carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for once, make my Fathers Horſe turne Puritane and obſerue Faſting-dayes; for he gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other Path; and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye to him, I will take hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſteppe backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare *comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runnes his way, and leaues his bottle of Hay behinde him.*

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. Oh flie Madame, flie; or elſe we are but dead,
Am. Help *Segaſto*, help, help ſweet *Segaſto*; or elſe I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Seg. Alaſſe Madame, there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſaue your ſelfe.
Ama. Why then I die: Ah help me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a Sword drawne, and a Beares *head in his hand.*

Muc. Stay Lady, ſtay, and be no more diſmadye,
That cruell Beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Which hath bereaued thouſands of their liues;
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to find his Prey,
Prolonging thus his life, by others death,
His Carcaſſe now lies headleſſe voyde of breath.
Am. That foule deformed Monſter, is he dead?
Muc. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head:

Which if it please you Lady, to accept,
VVith willing heart I yeeld to your Maiestie.
Am. Thankes worthy Shepheard, thankes a thousand times,
This Gift (assure thy selfe) contents me more,
Then greatest bounty of a mighty Prince;
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muc. Most gracious Goddesse, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right, imports no lesse:
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad our Princely minde.
Ama. No Goddesse (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:
My Father heere, is King of *Arragon*,
I, *Amadine*, his onely Daughter am,
And after him, sole Heire vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my Fathers will
To marrie me vnto *Segasto*;
On whose wealth, through Fathers former Vsurie,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull:
We both of custome often times did vse
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walkes:
Scarce entred were within these luckelesse VVoods,
But right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meete vs both: I faint to tell the rest.
Good shepheard, but suppose the gastly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.
Mu. Yet worthy Princesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.
Am. Beleeue me shepheard, so it doth no lesse.
Mu. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segasto cald? what is become of him?

Am.

Am. I know not I; that know the powers diuine:
But God grant this, that sweet *Segasto* liue.
Muc. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princesse to the spoyle.
Am. Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainely knowne,
Throughout thy Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the Head of this most monstrous Beast,
In open sight, to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my Father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.
Muc. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of insuing harmes to chuse the least:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and Caytiue-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shunne the worst,
The more by proofe I find my selfe accurst.
Ere-whiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone:
Foorthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse, of *Amadines* harmes to heare:
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight, her furie doe escape,
VVhat will she thinke?

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyaltie,
A trustie Friend is tride in time of need?
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me; and cried, *Segasto* help:
I turnd my backe, and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what; what needs these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I.
She will in time forgiue, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running, crying Clubs.

Mo. Clubs, Pronges, Pitchforkes, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing else but Beares:
Tell me sirrah, where she is?

Clo. O sir, she is runne downe the Woods,
I saw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white Beares.
But sirrah, didst thou euer see any such;

Clo. No faith, I neuer saw any such;
But I remember my Fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale, no doubt

Clo. I tell you what, sir, as I was going a field to serue my Fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of Hay vpon my Head: Now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinckt, that I could see nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my Hay into the Hedge, and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something; for there was two load of Thornes, besides my bottle of Hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me sirrah; the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a Bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha; I neuer saw Beare goe a milking in all my life.
But harke you sir; I did not looke so hie as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white Head, and her white belly.

Seg.

Seg. But tell me ſirrah: VVhere doſt thou dwell?

Clo. VVhy, doe you not know me?

Seg. VVhy no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clo. VVhy then you know no body, and you know not mee: I tell you ſir, I am the Good-man Rats ſonne of the next Pariſh ouer the Hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats ſonne: why what's thy name?

Clo. VVhy I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke ſo, but what's thy name?

Clo. My name, I haue a very pretty name: Ile tell you what my name is: my name is *Mouſe*.

Seg. What, plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I plaine *Mouſe*, without either welt or gard. But doe you heare ſir, I am a very young *Mouſe*, for my Taile is ſcarce growne out yet; looke you heere elſe.

Seg. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Faith ſir, I know not that; but if you would faine know, aske my Fathers great Horſe, for he hath beene halfe a yeare longer with my Father then I haue.

Seg. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merry Man, a merry Maiſter makes.
How ſaiſt thou ſirrah. Wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine: pray you what Occupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Maiſter for me: Why doe you thinke that I am ſo mad, to goe ſeeke my liuing in the Lands amongſt the Stones, Bryers, and Buſhes, and teare my Holy-day apparell: not I by your leaue.

Seg. VVhy, I doe not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg. VVhy thou ſhalt be my man, and waite vpon mee at the (Court.

Clo. VVhat's that? *Seg.* Where the King lies.

Clo. VVhat's that ſame King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man, as thou art.

Clo. As I am: harke you ſir, pray you what kin is hee to good-man King of our Pariſh, the Churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. King of the land, I neuer see him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him euery day.

Clo. Shal I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares: No not I: I will goe home and put one a cleane Shirt, and then goe drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with mee, thou shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heer's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you, what I can doe: I can keep my Tongue from picking and stealing, and my Hands from lying and slandring, I warrant you as wel as euer you had Man in your life.

Seg. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts; if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea happie I, if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a yong Prince Prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellers.

King Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest:
It vs behooues to vse such clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres:
It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As to be Conquerours in the field:
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and your Countries safegard,
We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue
Our Daughter to Lord *Segasto* heere,
VVho shall succeede the Diademe after mee,
And raigne hereafter as I tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Arragon*,
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiestie, we do not onely allow of your Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

Kin. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adrostus* liue,
He will at full require your curtesies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catalone*, a Prince
Lately our Prisoner taken in the Warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ransome shall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall affoord:
Meane while, doe vse him well, his father is a King,
Tre. Thankes to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such
As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Then march we on to Court, & rest our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watch-ward from thy King,
Thinke then, some waighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Collin* looke thou be not far from me:
And for the seruice thou tofore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proou'd in euery point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the Court.
Col. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
VVith willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne with Weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirra, How doe you like your Weapons?
Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.
Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins very wel, do they not.
Clo. How? keep the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but my shins should keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. VVell sirra, hauing idle talke, tell me,
Doest thou know Captaine *Tremelios* Chamber?
Clo. I very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery Chamber:
But doest thou know the man?
Clo. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.
Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.
Seg. But dost thou remember the Captain that was here with the King euen now, that brought the yong Prince Prisoner?
Clo. O very well.
Seg. Goe vnto him, and bid him come vnto mee:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.
Clo. I will Maister. Maister whats his name?

Seg.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

Clo. O the Mealeman; I know him very well,
He brings Meale euery Saterday: but harke you Maister
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No sirra, he must come to me.

Clo. Harke you Maister; how if he be not at home,
What shall I doe then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with some of his folks.

Clo. O Maister, if there be no body within,
I will leaue word with his Dogge.

Seg. VVhy, can his Dogge speake?

Clo. I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keep his Chamber else?

Seg. To keepe out such Knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay by Lady; then goe your selfe.

Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marry will I: O tis come to my head:
And a be not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you.

Seg. What, wilt thou plucke downe the Kings House?

Clo. Nay by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.
Maister, it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name?

Seg. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. Oh, Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

Clo. You must come to my Maister, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for me?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*: Sirra, about your businesse.

Clo. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marie then I can; straight to the Kitchen-dresser to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Iacke of Beere; and there, for an houre, Ile so belabour my selfe: and therefore I pray you call mee not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maister. *Exit.*

Seg. Well sir, away.
Tremelio, this it is; thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*

Spread

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Arragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours:
Neuer daunted at any time: But now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court, for worthinesse,
And *Segastoes* honour layde aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou doest finde some meanes to worke the Shepheards death: I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Seg. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
VVhat I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thankes good my Lord: And in good time,
See where hee commeth; stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift:
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike, and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accursed villaine, tell me, What hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, trustie *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing, didst prooue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Blood thirstie Villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murther,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy self, thou shalt be vsde according to the law.

Muc. Segasto cease, these threates are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murther, that haue done no thing,
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
Ile manifest thy fact vnto the King:
VVhose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st:
What hoe! *Mouse*, come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come help away with my friend.

Clo. VVhy is he drunke? cannot he ſtand on his feete?

Seg. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clo. Slaine? no by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Seg. Hee's kild, I tell thee. (longer.

Clo. What do you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerue you no

Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheard kild him.

Clo. O did hee ſo: But Maiſter, I will haue all his Apparell if I carry him away. *Seg.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clo. Come then, I will helpe: Maſſe Maiſter, I thinke his Mother ſung Loobie to him, he is ſo heauie. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one.
Sometimes we feede on fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heate of extreame miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey:
To morrow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes,
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bre. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall:
VVhat not one? then lye thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo*, ſith thy leaſure ſo affoords,
An endleſſe thing, who knows not *Bremoes* ſtrength:
VVho like a king commander within theſe woods,
The Beare, the Boare, dares not abide my ſight,
But haſte away to ſaue themſelues by flight:
The chriſtall waters in the bubling Brookes,
VVhen I come by, doth ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
A fraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Else what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.
VVhy who comes heere, with whom I dare not fight;
Who fights with me, and doth not dye the death? not one.
VVhat fauour shewes this sturdie sticke to those
That here within these Woods are combatants with me?
VVhy Death, and nothing else but present death,
With restlesse Rage, I wander through these Woods:
No creature heere, but feareth *Bremoes* force,
Man, Woman, Child, Beast and Bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my sight,
Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,
For here I see this day it will not be:
But when it fals that I encounter any,
One patte sufficeth for to worke my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serue, when we shall better speed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard, and the Clowne, with others.

Kin. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is layd to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Mu. Dread Soueraigne, I must needs confesse
I slue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Seg. Words will not heere preuaile,
I seeke for Iustice; and Iustice craues his death.

Kin. Shepheard, thine own confession hath condemned thee;
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.

Clo. So he shall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare maister King; he is kinne to a Monkie,
His necke is begger then his Head.

Seg. Come sirra, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you: Come on sirra:
A, so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire;
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
Daughter.

King. Preseru'd the life of my sometime distressed Daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the Daughter of a King:
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now;
How comes it then, that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the Woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs, downe a steepe-fast hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast,
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto.*

Seg. Most true, an't like your Maiestie. *King* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your Daughter *Amadine*;
Who for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastoes* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distrest to be deuowr'd of him:
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

Kin. His silence verifies it to be true: What then?

Ama. Then I amazde, distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare:
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes:
Till at the length, this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither Boy; Loe heere it is, which I present vnto your Ma-
ie*stie.

Kin. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Seg.

Seg. The slaughter of a man, deserues great blame.
Kin. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falles out.
Seg. Tremelio in the Warres (O King) preserued thee,
Am. The Shepheard in the Woods (O King) preserued me.
Seg. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Am. So would the Shepheard, had he been in field.
Clo. So would my Maister, had he not run away.
Seg. Tremelios force saued thousands from the foe.
Am. The Shepheards force hath saued thousands moe.
Clo. A ye shipstickes, nothing else.
Kin. Segasto, cease to accuse the Shepheard,
His worthinesse deserues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good:
Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.
Seg. Thankes to your Maiestie.
Kin. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence:
Long maist thou liue, and when the Sisters shall decree
To cut in twaine the twisted threed of life,
Then let him die: for this, I set him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Muc. Thankes to your Maiestie.
Kin. Come daughter, let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clo. O Maister heare you; you haue made a fresh hand now,
You would bestow you: What will you doe now?
You haue lost me a good occupation by the meanes:
Faith Maister, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take the paines to hang you:
It is but halfe an houres exercise.
Seg. You are still in your knauerie:
But sith I can not haue his life,
I will procure his banishment for euer: Come on sirra.
Clo. Yes forsooth, I come: laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. From *Amadine*, and from her fathers Court,
With Gold and Siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of Golden treasures:

More may I boast and say; but I
VVas neuer Shepheard in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All haile, worthy Shepheard.

Clo. All raine, lowsie Shepheard.

Muc. Welcome my friends: from whence come you?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greete thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court:
Shepheard begone.

Clo. Shepheard take law-legs; flie away Shepheard.

Mu. Whose words are these; came these from *Amadine?*

Mes. Aye from *Amadine.* *Clo.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Mu. Ah luckless fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blesse, is now become my bale.

Clo. VVhat, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mu. My former heauen, is now become my Hell.

Clo. The worst Ale-house that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. VVhat shall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hang thy selfe halfe an houre.

Mu. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command
To banish the Shepheards from her fathers Court?

Mes. What should Shepheards do in the Court?

Clo. What should Shepheards doe amongst vs?
Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. VVhy Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepheards are men, and maisters ouer their flocke.

Clo. That's a lie; who payes them their wages then?

Mes. VVell, you are alwaies interrupting of me:
But you were best to looke to him, least you hang for him
VVhen he is gone, *Exit.*

The Clowne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for company,
For leauing me alone:
Shepheard stand foorth, and heare my sentence.
Seepheard be gone within three daies, in pain of my displeasure:
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard begone, begone, begone, begone, Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

Mu. And must I goe? and must I needs depart?

Ye

Ye goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time tofore when Fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints, & waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse.
Ye holesome hearbes, and sweet smelling sauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man.
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maide.

Ama. *Ariena*, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse, till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call? *Exit.*

Am. Doe you the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou doest.

Mu. I linger life, yet wish for speedie death.

Am. Shepheard although thy banishment already
Be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine.*

Muc. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death;
I, double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in absence, either farre or neere,
You honour me as Seruant with your name.

Am. Not so. *Mu.* And why?

Am. I honour thee as a Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment,

Am. Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banish-
Mu. Vnworthy wights are more in iealousie. (ment.

Am. VVould God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish mee.

Mu. Amen say I, to haue your company.

Am. Well Shepheard, sith thou suffrest this for my sake,
VVith thee in exile also let mee liue,
On this condition (Shepheard) thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loued one indeed; now loue I none but onely thee.

Mu. Thankes worthy Princesse: I burne like wise,
Yet smother vp the blast:
I dare not promise what I may performe.

Am. Well shepheard, hark what I shal say,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee,
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
VVhere we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley, where I slue the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,
That ouershades a Well: So who comes first,
Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both:
How like you this? *Am.* I like it very well.

Mu. Now if you please you may appoint the time.

Am. Full three howers hence, God willing, I will returne.

Mu. The thankes that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Am. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*

Mu. Your departure Lady, breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will,
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple swaine as he,
Eclipse thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Arragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segastos* honour wonne.

Enter Mouse the Clowne, calling his Maister.

Clo. What, hoe Maister, will you come away?

Seg. Will you come hither I pray you: what's the matter;

Clo. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?

Seg. How then sir?

Clo. I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Here's such a doe with you; will you neuer come?

Se. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you about?

Clo. I tell you all the Messes be on the Table already,

There

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre (agoe.

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly.

You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith I know nothing; but you bad me goe to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it; the very scent of the Meate made me, hath forgot it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. VVhat Arrant? an arrant Knaue, or an arrant VVhore?

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shepheard?

Clo. O the Shepheards Bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

Clo. I tell you, the Shepheards Bastard shall be well kept; Ile looke to it my selfe: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell mee whether you haue banished him or no?

Clo. VVhy I cannot say, Banishment, and you would giue me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. VVhy you horeson slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent you, and an other, to driue away the Shepheard?

Clo. VVhat an Asse are you: heer's a stirre indeed; Heere's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what?

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue: and you will not beleeue me, aske my Staffe.

Seg. VVhy can the Staffe tell?

Clo. VVhy, he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not loose an inch of you, now you are going to dinner: I promise you, I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amadine solus.

Ama. God grant my long delay, procures no harme;
Nor this my tarrying, frustrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* surely stayes for me,

And thinkes mee ouer-long, at length I come,
My preſent Promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned Loue,
What is it which true Loue dares not attempt?
My Father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loues, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt; compulſion is a thrall:
No, no, the heartie choyce, is all in all.
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* eſteemes.
But what? me thinkes the Shepheard is not come:
I muſe at that, the hower is at hand:
VVell, heere Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She ſits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about, haſtily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happy prey; now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungry panch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.

Am. Howe an ſhe fight, that Weapons cannot weeld?

Bre. VVhat, canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Am. VVhat, muſt I die?

Bre. VVhat need theſe words; I thirſt to ſuck thy bloud.

Am. Yet pittie me, and let me liue awhile.

Bre. No pittie I, Ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
Ile teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.

Am. Ah how I want my Shepheards company.

Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones betwixt two Oaken trees.

Am. Haſte Shepheard haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.

Bre. Ile ſucke the ſweetneſſe from thy Marrow-bones.

Am. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe blood.

Bre. VVith this my Batt, will I beat out thy braines;
Downe, downe I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground.

Am. Then *Mucedorus*, farewell; my hoped ioyes farewell:
Yea, farewell life, and welcome preſent death; *She kneeles.*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghoſt.

Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part.
How now; What ſodaine chance is this?
My Limmes doe tremble, and my Sinewes ſhake:

My

My vnweakned Armes hath loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid,
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah, how my courage fayles, when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breaſt;
Shall I ſpare her *Bremo*? Spare her, doe not kill,
Saith ſpare her, which neuer ſpated any.
To it *Bremo*, to it, ſay againe;
I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand:
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one.
I thinke her Beautie hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altered Natures courſe.
Aie woman! Wilt thou liue in Woods with me?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in Woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Musedorus ſolus.

Mu. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe, for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
VVhat one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th'appointed time can not be paſt;
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
VVell heere Ile ſtay, and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Mu. Some one or other is purſued no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me; tis good to doubt the worſt,
Therefore Ile begone. *Exit.*

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a ſtirre indeed: here came hew after the crier; & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cald for three pots of Ale, as tis the maner of vs Courtiers: now sirra, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them: Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on; but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: well, Ile see: Masse I cannot see him, yet: Well Ile looke a little further: Masse he is a little slaue if a be heere: why heer's no body: all this goes well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot; I marie ther's the matter. But I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rustie, dustie, mustie, fustie, crustie Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft, heere she comes.

Enter the Old Woman.

Old Wo. Come you knaue, where's my pot, you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to mee for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it: I your pot? I know what Ile say.

Old. Why, what wilt thou say?

Clo. But say I haue him, and thou dar'st.

Old. VVhy thou knaue, thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpayd for.

Clo. You lie like an old: I will not say whore.

Old. Doest thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darest:
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She searcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and casteth downe the Pot, she stumbleth at it: then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her Pot, and goes out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, what's the matter?

Clo. Oh Flies Master, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. Oh, heere Maister all about your face.

Seg. VVhy thou liest, I thinke thou art mad,

Clo. Why Maister, I haue killed a dung-cart full at the least.

Seg. Goe too sirra, leauing this idle talke, giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares?

Not

Not and you were ten Maisters.

Seg. Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans pleasure.

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say:

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole Towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your selfe, it is more then I can doe: Why? do you thinke I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head:
I should reare a Towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable, and make a Priuie search,
For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter runne away with the Shepheard?

Seg. I cannot tell; but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she, to runne away with the Shepheard? Why, I think I am a little handsomer Man, then the Shepheard, my selfe: But tell mee Maister; must I make a Priuie search, or search in the Priuie;

Seg. Why, doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then, search euery where,
Leaue no place vnsearcht for them. *Exit.*

Clo. Oh now am I in an office: now I wil to that old firebrands house, and will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke as long as I can stand: and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell: and if I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord; Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched: y'fayth yee old Crust, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachius, with others.

King. Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment;
Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates
Set to a sicke man; which rather cloy, then comfort:
Let me intreat you, to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe; haue done there. *Musick ceaseth.*

King. Va. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are embers turn'd,

Which ſodaine gleame, with moleſtation,
But ſooner looſe their ſight for't;
Tis Gold beſtowed vpon a Ryotor,
VVhich not relieues but murders him:
Tis a Drugge giuen to the healthfull,
VVhich infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle actes of Time?
No, no; till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.

Anſ. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

Kin. Va. I prethee ſpeake that thriſe.

Anſ. The Prince your Sonne, is ſafe.

Kin. Va. Oh where *Anſelmo*? ſurfet me with that.

Anſ. In *Arragon* my Liege; and at his parture,
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affectious loue, not to diſcloſe it:
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab, what my breaſt vow'd concealment.

Kin. Va. Thou not deceiu'ſt me; I euer thought thee
VVhat I find thee now, an vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or yong-fed humour
Nurſt within the braine,
Drew him ſo priuately to *Arragon*?

Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Loue, mixt with Feare and doubtfull iealouſie,
VVhether Report guilded a worthleſſe truncke,
Or *Amadine* deſerued her high extolement.

Kin. Va. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs Followers of the comelieſt hue,
For our chiefe Guardions; we will thither wend:
The chriſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thrice wincke,
Nor the greene Flood, ſixe times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Arragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly, now the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſure wrapt. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus*, whether wilt thou goe?
Home to thy Father, to thy natiue soyle;
Or trie some long abode within these Woods:
VVell, I will hence depart and hie me home.
VVhat, hie me home said I? that may not be,
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus*, doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermit-like within these Groues;
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make Settles there, and seat thy selfe thereon,
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a heartie drought to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee, at this Well.
Come Habite, thou art fit for me, *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepheard now, a Hermite must I be
Me thinkes this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking Staffe,
And exercise some grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods, and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings Daughter:
But soft, Who haue we heere? What art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite,

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a bigge Emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leades a solitarie life within these Woods.

Clo. O, I know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the Hippes and Hawes: wee could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee, all this yeare.

Muc. Thou doest mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, who dost thou seeke in these Woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings Daughter,
Runne away with a Shepheard.

Muc. A stray Kings Daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
VVherefore, canst thou tell?

Clo.

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this; my Maister and *Amadine*, walking one day abroad, neerer to these woodes then they were vsed (about what I cannot tel) but towardes them comes running a great Beare; now my Maister hee plaid the man, and ran away; and *Amadine*, crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepheard and he strikes off the Beares head: now whether the Beare were dead before or no, I cannot tell; for bring twenty Beares before mee, and bind their handes and feet, and Ile kill them all. Now euer since *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepheard; and for good-will shees euen run away with the shepheard.

Muc. What manner of man was he, canst describe him vnto me?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, wel-fauoared fellow: a Ierkin of White cloth and Buttons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well: but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I find you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Maister *Mouse*.

Muc. Oh Maister *Mouse*, I pray you what office might you beare in the Court.

Clo. Marry sir I am Rusher of the Stable,

Muc. Oh, Vsher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say Rusher; and ile prooue mine office good: for look sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or so, and a Dogge chance to blow his nose backward, then with a Whippe I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently; therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise yee.

Muc. But where shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is best beeing, either in the Kitchin eating or in the Butterie drinking: but if you come, I wil prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Bruewes knuckle deepe in fatte: pray you take paines; remember Maister *Mouse*. *Exit.*

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*! What should become of thee?
Whither shouldst thou goe so long vnknowne
With watch and ward each passage is beset;
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne.
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these Woods,
And wandring too and fro she seekes the Well.

Which

VVhich yet she can not find; therfore will I seek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his Woods?

Ama. As like the VVoods of *Bremos* crueltie:
Though I were dumbe, and could not answere him,
The Beasts themselues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumane deeds.

Bre. My Loue, why dost thou murmure to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sodaine death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue, that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kisse me (sweet) for all my fauours past.

Am. I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how he flinges away from me;
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Deny my Loue, a Worme of Beauty:
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the Blocke.

Am. O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion, or the beare,
And like a VVoolfe, prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. VVhy then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Queene,
I will crowne thee with a Chaplet made of Iuorie,
And make the Rose and Lillie waite on thee:
Ile rend the burley Branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The trees shall spread themselues where thou dost goe;
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may; for who but you.

Bre. Thou shalt be fedde with Quailes and Partriges,
VVith Black-birds, Larkes, Thrushes, and Nightingales;
Thy drinke shall be Goates milke and christall Water,
Distilling from the Fountaines, and the cleerest Springs:

And all the dainties that the VVoods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Am. You may, for who but you.
Bre. The day Ile ſpend, to recreate my Loue,
VVith all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe:
And in the night, Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly imbrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs & the Wood-nimphs ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee a ſleepe with Muſicks ſound:
And in the morning when thou doſt awake,
The Larke ſhall ſing, Good-morrow to my Queene:
And whileſt he ſings, Ile kiſſe mine *Amadine*.
Ama. You may, for who but you.
Bre. When thou art vp, the Wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrowed
VVith Violets, Cowſlips, and ſweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deare,
To chaſe the Hart, and how to rouſe the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you.

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome ſir, an houre agoe I lookt for ſuch a gueſt:
Be merry Wench, weele haue a frolicke Feaſt;
Heere's Fleſh enough for to ſuffice vs both:
Say ſirra, wilt thou fight, or doeſt thou meane to die?
Muc. I want a Weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wants a Weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die.
Muc. I ſay not ſo; I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, I long to ſee thee dead,
Ama. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him.
Bre. A way I ſay, I will not ſpare him.
Ama. Yet giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeake.
Ama. Yet giue him leaue to ſpeake, for my ſake.
Bre. Speake on; but be not ouer-long.
Mu. In time of yore, when Men like brutiſh Beaſts,
Did lead their liues in loathſome Celles and VVoods,

And wholly gaue themselues to witlesse Will;
A rude vnruly route: then man to man became,
A present prey; then Might preuailed,
The weakest went to Walles:
Right was vnknowne, for Wrong was all in all:
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came, (as Poets tell)
And them from Rudenesse vnto Reason brought:
Who led by Reason, some forsooke the Woods,
Instead of Caues, they built them Castles strong;
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end, they grew to perfect amitie,
VVaying their former wickednesse:
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A Golden age, a goodly Golden age.
Now *Bremo*, (for so I heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doest now,
VVilde in Wood, addicted all to spoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me like *Orpheus* cause thee to returne
From Murther, Blood-shed, and like Crueltie:
What, should we fight before we haue a cause?
No, lets liue, and loue together faithfully;
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or else thou diest.

Am. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I say, thou troublest me.

Am. You promised me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse.

Am. You promised that I should haue my will.

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse.

Am. Then saue this Hermites life, for he may saue vs both.

Bre. At thy request Ile spare him; but neuer any, after him.
Say Hermite, What canst thou doe?

Muc. Ile waite on thee, sometime vpon thy Queene:
Such seruice shalt thou shortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come sirs, what shall I neuer haue you find out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. And I haue beene through the Woods, and through the VVoods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

Ru. Why I see a thousand Emmets: thou meanst a little one.

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I saw, was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I; what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maister turne him away.

Seg. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. Thinke he was, for he said hee did lead a Saltsellers life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldest say, a solitarie life about the woods.

Clo. I thinke so it was in deed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man: Why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouse*, How did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white Hat on his head, And a staffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought so, it was an Hermite that walked a solitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both, *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Ru. Faith Ile home to dinner and afterward to sleepe.

Clo. VVhy then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faith I care not, for I know I shall neuer find them: VVell, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot find them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt goe in at one ende of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meete both together in the midst.

Ru. Content, let's away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. Vnknowne to any heere within these Woods,
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I leade my life:
The Monster he, doth murder all he meetes,

He

He spareth none, and none doth him escape:
Who would continue, who but onely I
In such a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse;
A silly soule, how often times she sits
And sighes, and cals, come Shepheard come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come and set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by,
But here she comes: What newes faire Lady,
As you walke these woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Am. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And such as thou knoweſt.

Muc. How doe you like your *Bremo*, and his woods?

Am. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muc. And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him; his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Lady, in this, me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man, that euer loues you beſt.

Am. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue:
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muc. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady; ſith we both
May safely talke now out of *Bremos* sight:
Vnfold to me, so if you please, the full discourse
How, when, and why, you came into these VVoods,
And fell into this bloody Butchers hands?

Am. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) sure a man vnfit to match with you?

Am. Hermite, this is true: and when we had.

Muc. Stay there, the Wild-man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What secret tale is this? What whispring haue wee heere?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muc. If needs I muſt, loe heere it is againe.
VVhen as we both had loſt the sight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both; but specially thy Queene:
Who in thy abſence euer feares the worſt.
Leaſt some miſchance befall your royall Grace.

Shal my ſweet Bremo wander through the Woods,
Toyle too and fro, for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life; and all to cheriſh mee?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle Weapons well.
My anſwere was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo? none can diſlike of this;
Ile teach you both to fight: but firſt, my Queene begin,
Heere, take this Weapon, ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is too bigge, I can not weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Iſt ſo? weele haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt thou?

Muc. With all my heart, I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my Staffe, and ſee how thou canſt weeld it.

Mu. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou hold'ſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muc. Next tell me how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue;
Tis beſt to looſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer, is my time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hide the Head.

Mu. The Head?

Bre. The very Head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die; a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerue'ſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart, this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muc. Now Lady, it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid, you loued a Shepheard.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe ſtill, as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muc. But tell me, Lady, ſith I ſet you free,

What course of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will (disguised) wander through the VVorld,
Till I haue found him out.

Muc. How if you finde your Shepheard in these VVoods?

Ama. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discouereth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time, a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he set me free?

Muc. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muc. Ay that's a question wherof you may not be resolued;
You know that I am banisht from the Court:
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right through the Thickets to the VVild-mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I thinke it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muc. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and fals ouer the VVild-man, and so carries him away.

Clo. Nay soft sir; are you heere? a bots on you,
I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:
VVe would borrow a certaine stray Kings Daughter of you?
A VVench, a VVench sir, we would haue.

Muc. A VVench of me? Ile make thee eate my Sword.

Clo. O Lord; nay & you are so lustie, Ile call a cooling card for you: Ho Maister, Maister; I, come away quickly. *Enter. Seg.*

Seg. VVhat's the matter?

Clo. Look Maister: *Amadine* and the Shepheard; O braue.

Seg. VVhat Minion, haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay that's a lie, I found her out my selfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad,

VVhen

When as thou knoweſt our VVedding day ſo nie?
Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your Aſſurance, then Ile anſwere you.
Seg. Thy Fathers Promiſe, my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promiſt, he hath not performde,
Seg. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Seg. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.
Clo. Maiſter, with anone, none ſo.
Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?
Muc. VVhat needs theſe words? we weigh them not.
Seg. We weigh them not? proud Shepheard, I ſcorne thy
Clo. VVeele not haue a corner of thy company. (company.
Muc. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie; a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Seg. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine*, contents me not.
Ama. Then ſeeke another, that may you better pleaſe.
Muc. VVell *Amadine*, it onely reſts in thee,
(Without delay) to make thy choyce of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, heere a Shepheard ſtands;
There ſtands the third: now make thy choice.
Clo. A Lord (at the leaſt) I am.
Ama. My choyce is made; for I will none but thee.
Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for ſuch a VVife.
Muc. And *Amadine*; why, wilt thou none but me;
I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my VVife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure;
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
VVhereby our dayly victuall for to winn:
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all;
No Princeſſe then, but plaine a Shepheards wife.
Clo. Then, God gee-you good morrow gooddy Shepheard.
Ama. It ſhall not neede; if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of Arragon.

Clo.

Clo. Oh Maister, laugh: when he's King, then I'le be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that, which nere tofore was knowne;
I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my Father's of *Valencia* King,
My Mother Queene: who for thy sacred sake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy, my fortune is so good.

Seg. Well, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Mucedorus*; I as much doe ioy
To see thee heere within our Court of *Arragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart, surrender her to thee:

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clo. What Barnes doore, and borne where my Father was Constable; a bots on thee: how dost thee?

Muc. Thankes *Segasto*: but yet you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maister, beare this, and beare all.

Seg Why so Sir?

Clo. He sees you take a Goose by the crowne.

Seg. Goe to sir, away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts;
Glad him vp, and tell him these good newes,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clo. I goe Maister, I runne maister. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart, and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life:
How can I ioy, except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soule,
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare those passions, gentle King,
And you shall see 'twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe assure me that,
And nought but death, vnlesse of her I heare,
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

They cry within, Ioy and Happineſſe.

Col. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſsing ioy,
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort:
And heere comes one in haſt.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, What's the matter?

Clo. O tis newes for a King; tis worth Mony.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold, if it be good:

Clo. O tis good, tis good: *Amadine.*

Kin. O what of her? tell me and I will make thee a Knight.

Clo. How, a Spright? no by Lady, I will not be a Spright, Maiſters, get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane, I ſhall make you all afrayde.

Col. Thou ſot, the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clo Why, I ſhall want Parrell.

Kin. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then ſtand away; ſtrike vp thy ſelfe; heere they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall Daughter.

Kin. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*? Riſe vp deare Daughter, and let theſe imbracing armes, Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy, Which euer ſince thy departure, hath languiſhed in ſorrow,

Ama. Deare Father, neuer were your ſorrowes Greater then my griefes: Neuer you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe: Yet neuertheleſſe, acknowledging my ſelfe To be the cauſe of both; on bended knees, I humbly craue your pardon.

Kin. Ile pardon thee (deare Daughter,) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father, what of him?

Kin. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne, I will reuenge on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour.

Kin. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Muc, I doe deſerue the Daughter of a King,

Kin. Oh impudent! a Shepheard, and ſo inſolent,

Muc.

Muc. No Shepheard I, but a worthy Prince.
Kin. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne; my Father is a King,
Myy mother a Queene, and of *Valencia* both.
Kin. What *Mucedorus*? Welcome to our Court:
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguisde?
Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this; desiring thy Daughters vertues for to see,
Disguisde my selfe from out my fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any, in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles, neere to death:
So hath your Daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne, and soueraigne of my life:
Then shall I thinke my trauels are well spent.
King. With all my heart: but this,
Segasto claymes my Promise made tofore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Counsell, when he came from Warre.
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*.
Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing;
And what I may, to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes, you shall see.
Kin. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thankes good my Lord; and while I liue,
Account of me in what I can, or may.
Ama. And good *Segasto*, these great courtesies,
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you Maister; bones, what haue you done?
What, giuen away the Wench you made me take such paines
for? you are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my selfe: Faith Maister, now we may goe
to breake-fast with a Woodcock-pie.
Seg. Goe sir, you were best leaue this knauerie.
Kin. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day

That euer hapt to a distressed King :
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot,
A shout within. Enter a Messenger,
What shout was that ?
Mus. My Lord, the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriued, intreates your presence.
Muc. My Father ?
King. A. Prepared welcomes ; giue him entertainement :
A happier Planet neuer raigned then that,
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*
Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Rodrigo, Barchius, with others, the King runnes and imbraces his Sonne.
King. V. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Arragon*)
My rude behauiour, so compild by Nature,
That manners stood vnknowledged.
King A. VVhat we haue to recite, would tedious procue,
By declaration ; therefore in, and feast :
To morrow the performance shall explaine
VVhat words conceale ; till then, Drums speake, Bels ring,
Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.
Enter Comedie, and Enuie.
Com. How now *Enuie* ; what, blushest thou alreadie ?
Peepe foorth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage, praise a womans deeds :
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt,
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy Blockes,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.
Enu. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse :
Yet must I needs confesse, thou hast done well,
And playde thy part, with mirth and pleasant glee :
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the Conquest neither.

A double Reuenge, another time Ile haue,
Com. Enuie, spit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue; create new fallacies,
Teame from thy Wombe each minute a black Traytor,
VVhose blood and thoughts haue twins conception:
Studie to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Cast natiue Monsters in the mouldes of men;
Case vicious Diuels vnder sancted Rochets:
Vnhaspe the VVicket where all Periurds roast;
And swarme this Ball with Treasons; doe thy worst;
Thou canst not (hel-hound) crosse my steare to night,
Nor blind that glorie, where I wish delight.
Enu. I can, I will.
Com. Neffarious Hagge, begin,
And let vs tugge, till one the mastrie win.
Enu. Comedie, thou art a shallow Goose,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall, my Comick merriment.
Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie; thou art too weake:
Speake Fiend, as how?
Enu. VVhy thus:
From my foule Studie will I hoyst a Wretch,
A leane and hungry Meager Cannibal:
Whose iawes swell to his eyes, with chawing Malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. VVhat's that to'th purpose?
Enu. This scrambling Rauen, with his needie Beard,
VVill I whet on to write a Comedy,
VVherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious braines:
And euery other where, place me a Iest,
Whose high abuse, shal more torment, then blows:
Then I my selfe (quicker then Lightning)
VVill flie me to the puisant Magistrate,
And waighting with a Trencher at his backe,
In midst of iollitie, rehearse those gaules,
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theator:
He vpon this, cannot but make complaint.

To your great danger, or at leaſt, reſtraint.
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly;
This is a Trap for Boyes, not Men, nor ſuch,
Eſpecially deſertfull in their doings,
Whoſe ſtay'd diſcretion, rules their purpoſes.
I and my faction, doe eſchew thoſe vices:
But ſee, O ſee; the weary Sunne for reſt,
Hath laine his golden compaſſe to the Weſt,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer ſhine,
As *Dauids* of-ſpring, in his happy Clime.
Stoope *Ennie* ſtoope, bow to the Earth with me,
Lets begge our Pardons on our bended knee. *They kneele.*
Enn. My power has loſt her might; *Ennies* date's expired,
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*
Com. Glorious & wiſe Arch-*Cæſar* on this earth,
At whoſe appearance, *Ennie's* ſtroken dumbe,
And all bad things, ceaſe operation;
Vouchſafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late preſented to your Gracious view,
And weele endeauour with exceſſe of paine,
To pleaſe your ſenſes in a choyſer ſtraine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of Night;
Whoſe ſpangled carkaſſe, would for your delight,
Striue to excell the Day; be bleſſed then.
Who other wiſhes, let him neuer ſpeake.
Enn. Amen.
To Fame and Honour, we commend your reſt;
Liue ſtill more happy, euery houre more bleſt.

FINIS.